

CHARIVARIA.

COLONEL SEELEY has been elected a member of the National Liberal Club. We can only hope that this will serve as a warning to any other Unionist who thinks of going over to the enemy. *

There is only one air-ship named Gamma. But there are several military aeroplanes known as "Gammon." *

The fact that some members of the London County Council played bridge during an all-night sitting has been much commented on as an innovation, but we believe it to be a fact that the Corporation of London has a Bridge Committee which was instituted before the game was even invented. *

"Over eighty abandoned cats," we read, "were picked up in the London streets on Thursday by the Animals' Rescue League." We are not at all sure that the expression "abandoned cats" is not a libellous one. *

"Is there a Hell?" asks a volume recently published. Our New York Correspondent informs us that the doubt implied in this question has been greatly resented in Chicago. *

Owing to its author refusing to supply the libraries with it on the day of publication a certain new book nearly became known as "The Woman Thou Wouldst Not Give Us." *

Thieves who visited the residence of Mr. RENÉ BULL, the well-known artist, took away a small quantity of jewellery, but left his drawings untouched. Modern artists are getting used to insults of this sort. *

The outburst of ill-feeling in the United States over our refusal to take part in the Panama Canal Exposition is a little bit difficult to understand. Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, Morocco and Siam have also declined the invitation. Why should we be singled out for attack? *

Personally we would like to see Great Britain show just one exhibit, namely, a framed copy of the Panama

Treaty which the United States Government refuses to observe.

A Christmas greeting posted at Chiswick on the 24th December last was delivered at its destination, Market Square, Brentford, on the 29th July. It is only fair to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to mention that the 29th July was an exceptionally cold day.

According to Professor A. A. BERLE,



"ALONE IN LONDON."
PATHETIC WEST-END SCENE DURING AUGUST.

of Denver, "baby talk," in which parents indulge, is bad for babies. As a matter of fact many infants have for years looked upon it as an insult to their intelligence, and have refused to be interested in it. *

Doris, the steam yacht belonging to Mr. Sol JOEL, and called after his daughter, has been re-christened *Eileen*. By way of counter-stroke we understand that *Doris* has decided never again to call the sun Old Sol. *

Mr. MARSHALL WHITLATCH, in an article in *The Century*, asserts that golfers do not need brains. We have

often felt that our own have been wasted on this trivial pursuit.

It is said that during the sitting of the International Congress of Medicine no one has dared to be taken ill in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall for fear of perishing in the rush that would be made for him by the 6484 doctors.

Surgeon-General Sir DAVID BRUCE, who has returned to England from Central Africa, where he has been studying sleeping sickness, states that half the wild animals shot were suffering from this disease. If this be so the exploits of certain big game hunters become rather less miraculous.

"It is sixteen years since I was last here," said Senator JAFFRAY, of Toronto, at a luncheon given to him by Canadians at Prince's Restaurant last week, "but from what I see I am convinced that England is anything but asleep." That's so, Senator; it's these darned motor-buses that cause the insomnia. They'd keep even Canada awake.

In certain quarters the Balkan States are constantly being blamed for their war-like propensities. What nonsense this is! They're always making peace.

Commercial Candour.

From a circular:—

"Mr. Trilokinath Sharma writes:—I have been unboundedly pleased with your sweet scented Kaminia Oil, which is a very useful preparation. It is an excellent remedy for headache. It cures it in no time; at the same time the hair becomes bright and smooth. Its perfume is so very strong that a man standing at a distance of 100 yards can enjoy it."

The Miler's Motto.

"Above all he would command to them the well-known Latin quotation, 'Mens sana in corpore sano'—'A sound mind in a sound body.'—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle*.

Dr. CHARLES GORING, in a criminological Blue-book just issued, says:—

"As regards cephalic measurements it is shown that in breadth of head Cambridge exceeds Oxford to about the same extent that Oxford men exceed criminals, but that criminals and Oxford men are equally long-headed than the Cambridge men."

This should help parents in deciding whether to send their sons to Parkhurst or to one of the older Universities.

THE HEIRS OF HELLAS.

[On Wednesday last the HOME SECRETARY, presiding at the morning session of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, made the following historical statement: "Since the times of the Grecian democracy no people but the Welsh have developed an institution like this, and it is your honour and glory to be the successors of the greatest artistic people in the world."]

O ISLES of Greece! O isles of Greece!
(Where burning Taffy never sang),
What though your warblers hold their peace;
What though your lyres have lost their twang;
Our choirs of Wales can do as well as
Any old choristers of ancient Hellas.

Strange that, until the other day,
Halfway, in fact, through yester-week,
None had compared Apollo's bay
With Cambria's local veg., the leek;
Or noticed how a common fluid
Flowed in the veins of Bacchic bard and Druid.

Who was it, steeped in pedant lore,
That marked—what never yet was seen—
The signs of kinship which they wore—
The Welshman and the late Hellene?
Who first conveyed this truth to men?
He of the Celtic fringe, from Monmouth (N.).

Emerging from the Eisteddfod's chair
He flung an eye o'er history's page
And saw no rival record there
Since Athens and the Golden Age.
Where was its like? There wasn't any.
That's what he told 'em down in Abergavenny.

Arising out of which remarks
This further precious truth was found:—
Not under bloated oligarchs
Such beanos of the bards abound;
You never get the taste that's Attic
Except where governments are democratic.

Ah, well may Wales lift up her voice,
When, full of sweetness and of light,
A second PERICLES makes choice
Of Criccieth for his cottage site,
And breathes on this high bardic function
A local air of Panhellenic unction!

O. S.

KEEPING THE THEATRES OPEN.

[“Miss Mary Forbes has had a few slight alterations made to the Third Act of *The March Hare* at the Ambassadors' Theatre, with the result that Mr. Harold Smith's piece now plays at a high speed and provides two hours of continuous laughter. During her sensational china-smashing scene a few nights ago Miss Forbes had the misfortune to let slip from her finger a very valuable diamond ring, which so far has not been recovered.”—*Press, passim.*]

MR. PUNCH, who has been throughout in fullest sympathy with the great discussion on How to Keep the Theatres Open, is at present undecided whether to award the prize to Miss MARY FORBES. There are other cases of merit.

The Messrs. MELVILLE have had a few slight alterations made to the Second Act of *Oliver Twist* at the Lyceum Theatre, with the result that the piece attributed to the late CHARLES DICKENS is now playing to packed houses. When the curtain rises on the interior of Mrs. Maylie's house the stage is seen to be crowded with plate and valuables, and Bill Sikes, instead of putting *Oliver* in through the window, comes to the footlights and extends a cordial invitation to Lyceum patrons to break in for themselves by means of a central gangway specially provided for the purpose.

At the Haymarket Theatre, where *Within the Law* is meeting with a success that is quite unprecedented, a trifling alteration has been made which is proving very popular. Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON, in conjunction with Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. WIMPERIS, and the author, has arranged that Joe Garson shall, at a crisis in the play's action, fire five-pound notes into every part of the house by means of a new Silent Tract-Distributing Pistol. Every member of the audience receives with his ticket a personal guarantee, signed by Mr. HARRISON, Sir HERBERT TREE, Mr. FARADAY, Mr. FENN, Mr. WIMPERIS and the author, to the effect that not more than nine notes out of every ten shall be counterfeit.

If anything could possibly add to the success of *Diplomacy* at Wyndham's Theatre, it is the announcement that during the sensational scene in which Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER draws from his pocket a cigarette-holder longer than any previously seen on the stage, the popular actor-manager allowed it one night last week to slip through his fingers and roll into the auditorium. The cigarette-holder, which is of solid silver handsomely chased, and is calculated to be of not less than twenty-four inches in length, has not so far been recovered. It is understood that if any stallholder should happen to come across it in the dark no enquiries will be instituted.

The enterprising management of the London Opera House have once more caused a few slight alterations to be made in their sensational entertainment. Some nights ago the Beauty Chorus (every member of which is understood to be worth not less than a quarter of a million dollars in the clothes in which she stands) had the misfortune to let slip from their necks a series of very valuable pearl necklaces, which so far have not been recovered. The misfortune occurred during a tour of the auditorium, and it is confidently expected that the invitation of the *revue's* title will now prove irresistible.

WANTED, INTEREST NOT CAPITAL.

A YOUNG MAN recently advertised in *The Times* that he would be delighted “if anyone would TAKE AN INTEREST in HIM.” He made no appeal for financial assistance, and the novelty of the idea should appeal to imitators. Thus:—

A WELL-KNOWN CLUBMAN would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who would be willing to listen to some of his Best Stories, say for an hour or so each day, and who would not object to an occasional repetition.—Address, BOREAS BROWN, The Chestnuts, Yarmouth.

A GOLFER (handicap 18), who seven years ago won monthly medal, would be glad to hear from others who would discuss the game with him for a few hours daily.—Address, T. PUTNAM GREEN, The Potbunks, Pulborough.

A GENTLEMAN would be grateful to anyone who would take an interest in his health by calling upon him periodically to make enquiries, etc. Advertiser is not actually unwell, but feels the absence of the attentions referred to.—Apply, Panel Cottage, Malinger-sur-Mer.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT who has never yet had an opportunity of addressing the House would be deeply obliged to any person or persons who would be willing to sit through an occasional speech from him, applauding at any passage which excited approval or admiration. The speeches would not, as a rule, be of more than two hours' duration.—Apply, Slate 35, The Bar, House of Commons.

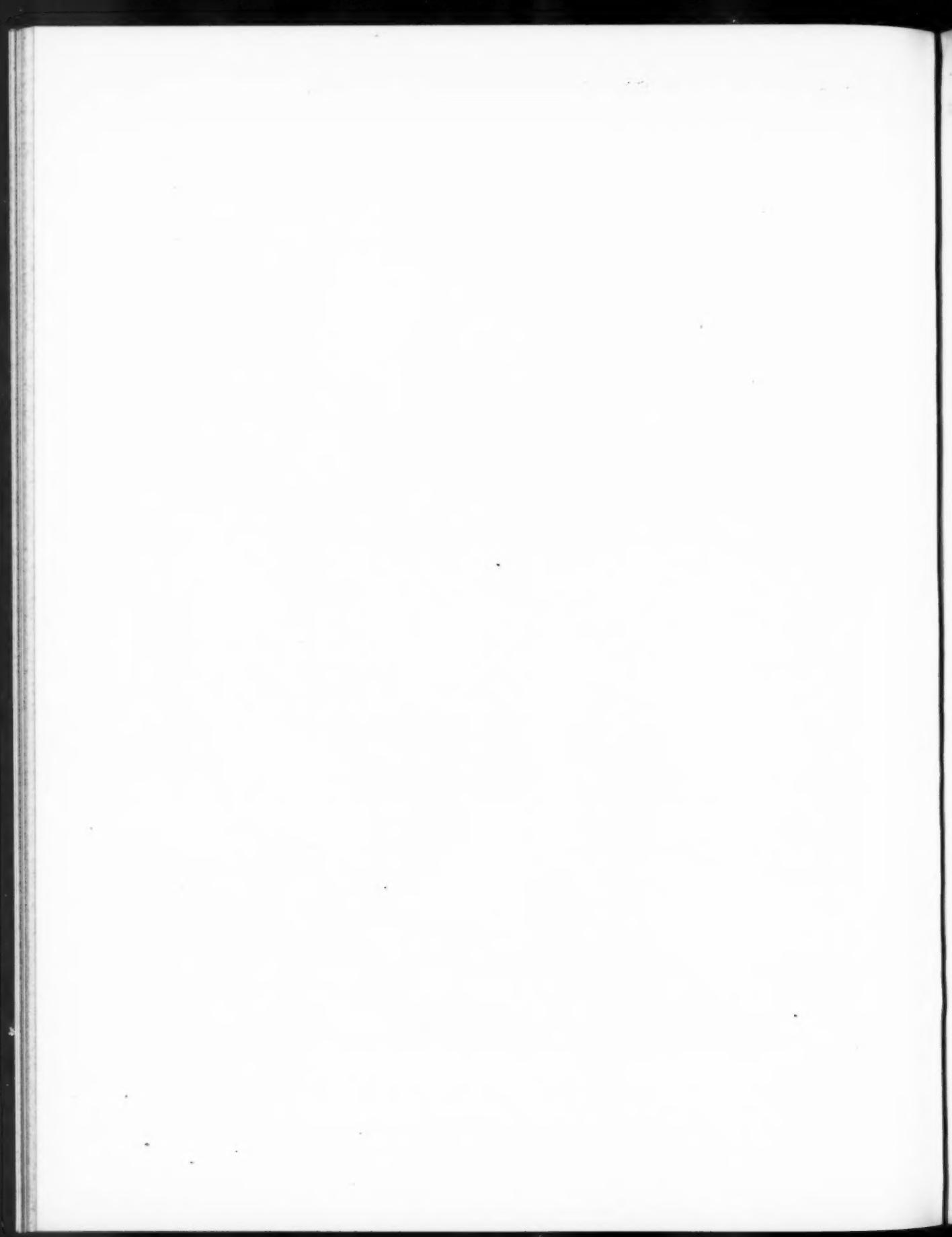
Would some kindly disposed person permit Advertiser to send him or her once a week his views of LLOYD GEORGE?—Address, The Sanatorium, Lyme-on-the-Wash.



THE ENTENTE TUBE.

STEWARD (*on night Channel boat*). "IF THEY BRING IN THIS 'ERE TUNNEL, MY JOB'S GONE."

MR. PUNCH. "THAT'S THE ONLY SOUND OBJECTION I'VE HEARD YET."





Tramp (mistaking garden suburb householder for one of his own profession). "YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, CHARLIE. THE LAST TIME I CLIPPED THAT 'EDGE I WAS REWARDED WITH THREE 'A'-PENCE, A CUP O' TEA NEARLY WARM AND A PAIR O' CYCLING KNICKERS I WOULDN'T BE SEEN DEAD IN."

"THE SEARCH FOR OLYMPIC TALENT."

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to a series of humorous drawings in your Journal depicting imaginary efforts to discover talent which could be utilised for the benefit of the country at the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in 1916.

We are inclined to deprecate such light treatment of a very serious matter, and would like to point out that while your artist is fiddling with the subject, as it were, Rome would burn, if it were not for the efforts of ourselves and others equally anxious for the athletic welfare of the country.

Our own views are set forth in the brochure which we have enclosed with a copy of our Autumn Catalogue for your perusal.

The brochure has been specially compiled for us by Mr. Hyam A. Seelmann, a leading light in the American athletic world, and whom we have induced to relinquish an important post in the Games Department of John Moneywacker's famous establishment and to take up the even more onerous position of Manager of our Athletic Outfitting

Department (see Cat., p. 35). This fact alone speaks well for our determination to leave no stone unturned to uphold the prestige of Great Britain in the forthcoming Olympic struggle.

Our New Autumn Catalogue and Price List describes fully by means of letterpress and illustration our enormous stock, which has been manufactured in the firm belief that the chief requirements of an athlete are that he should be suitably clad (pp. 47-53) both during competition and after (see our "Sunbeam" Sweaters, with the little warm bath, p. 50), and that his weapons or implements, as the case may be, should be of the very best make and quality. In this respect our new spring grip discus (43s. doz., rim brakes extra) will be found superior to any other on the market, giving longer flight at less cost, and the turned-up edge enables it to be of service on the dinner-table when not otherwise engaged.

A reference to our various makes and sizes of oars (pp. 71-76), tennis racquets (pp. 89-102), and javelins (pp. 113-118) will convince the budding athlete that we provide for every need in these directions. Our fencing foils—the "Panjandrum," with the little round button at top (pp. 133-135)—are the last word

in cold-rolled, old vatted spring steel; every blade is twenty over proof and marked "Excalibur" on every inch, without which none is genuine.

Our non-flam dumbbells and our Indian clubs, the latter made of real wood, are and have been for many years the talk of the athletic world (see a few of our unsolicited testimonials, pp. xxii.-xxiv.).

In the hope that these few lines will arouse you to a sense of your great responsibility in this matter, and trusting to receive your esteemed orders,

We remain, Yours, etc.,
THE OLYMPIC OUTFITTING CO., LTD.

From adjoining posters seen in Manchester:—

"TEXTILE SPLIT: REMARKABLE SITUATION."	"LADY'S LAWSUIT ABOUT HER BATHING DRESS."
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The connection is obvious.

"Doubtless there are many of us who would be glad to pay rent with a red nose, as certain trustees at Bermondsey paid yesterday."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Speaking for ourselves we should be sorry to present such a spectacle.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

THE Paris Correspondent of *The Daily Mail* recently contributed to the columns of that journal a full account of the recommendations issued by Dr. F. HELME to mothers leaving home for seaside or country holidays. These recommendations, however, are confined entirely to a list of medicines, including serum for snake-bites, phials of morphine, etc. It has occurred to Mr. Punch, always solicitous for the welfare of the young, to supplement this imperfect catalogue of remedies with a number of useful hints to parents and guardians for grappling with holiday emergencies. For greater convenience of reference, these are arranged in alphabetical order.

ANIMALS, WILD, ESCAPED FROM MENAGERIES.—The most satisfactory way of dealing with this emergency is to engage a lion-tamer for the holidays and never allow any of the young people to go far afield without him. In case of a division of the party there should be one lion-tamer for each group. Failing this method, the next best is summed up in the rule: Never go for a country walk without a red-hot poker. (The poker can be kept red-hot in a specially constructed Vacuum Calidus Case, which can be purchased at Ramjach's.)

BULLS, MAD, MEANS OF SOOTHING.—No affectionate parent should permit any excursion to be taken in pastoral districts without providing at least one of the party with a bottle of chloroform or some other powerful narcotic, in

case of attacks by mad or misanthropic oxen. Some American millionaires have gone so far as to retain the services of an expert Spanish bull-fighter expressly for the purpose of securing the safety of their children and friends, but the cost is prohibitive to most professional Englishmen. N.B.—The best way of administering the chloroform is to drench the bag of a butterfly net and then put it over the bull's head.

EAGLES, HOW TO RESCUE CHILDREN CARRIED OFF BY.—The eyries of these birds being as a rule situated in well-nigh inaccessible places, climbing-irons are an essential requisite of the holiday outfit. But it is as well to supplement

them with a small howitzer. Accurate aiming is, of course, indispensable, as a badly discharged bomb might hit the child but spare its captor. On this account it is perhaps preferable to lure the bird away by the bait of some specially appetising viands, such as Caviare, or Bombay Duck, or Limburger Cheese.

GYPSIES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.—The large increase of the Romany race, due to the immense spread of the cult of Borrow, has been attended by

highly desirable to include in the holiday outfit a harp, or harps, for the purpose of soothing children to sleep. Lists of pieces of a specially soporific character can be obtained from any good nerve-specialist. These are generally known as Chlorales, varying in degrees of intensity.

LIMBS, ARTIFICIAL.—A good supply of false legs, arms and eyes should always be laid in to meet the requirements of adventurous children when holidays are spent in rocky districts.

MOTORISTS, ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUTHFUL.—The irritation so generally felt by the high-spirited youth at obstacles to his progress will be largely allayed if thoughtful parents provide him with pea-shooters and air-guns for the regulation of tiresome pedestrians, cyclists, poultry, sheep, dogs, etc. A very pretty game can be played between the occupants of the two sides of the car, the object being to see which can score most hits.

NOSE - BLEED, REMEDIES FOR.—After all, the best remedy for this common summer complaint is the old device of putting keys down the patient's back. A bunch of keys should accordingly be taken for each member of the party, varying in size with the age and weight of the individual.

OIL, FOR ROUGH PASSAGES.—In cases where families are proceeding to the Hebrides or other holiday resorts which involve a sea passage in small steamers, considerate parents or guardians will not fail to provide themselves in advance with a liberal supply of oil in barrels or tanks, for the purpose of assuaging the disturbance of the troubled waters.

RAILWAY ACCELERATORS.—It is often found that children who start away from London in high spirits at fifty miles an hour on some main line route become impatient, fretful and refractory when they exchange this exhilarating speed for the slow crawl of a local line. To meet this difficulty parents will find it helpful to take with them auxiliary engines to assist locomotives incapable of hauling a passenger train at more than twenty miles an hour up a steep incline. These can be



AT HYGIENE HOUSE.

The Superintendent. "Now, Sir, it's time for your sun-bath on the roof."

serious results in the way of the kidnapping of children of wealthy parents and holding them to ransom. To guard against such disasters, it is strongly recommended, (1) that all children should be marked in indelible ink with their names and addresses; (2) that when left by themselves they should be securely tethered by unbreakable chains to absolutely immovable objects; (3) that where this is impossible each child should be provided with a powerful steam whistle or siren to acquaint its parents as to its whereabouts.

INSOMNIA, MEANS OF TREATING CHILDREN SUFFERING FROM.—It is



Sergeant. "HERE! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU AT? LIE DOWN; YOU'LL GIVE THE WHOLE BALLY SHOW AWAY."
Entomological Private. "HANG IT, MAN, I MUST HAVE IT. IT'S AWFULLY RARE—A DOTTED IDDUMPTICUS."

carried on a truck with steam up until such time as occasion arises for their use, and then transferred to the rails. The cost is extraordinarily small, considering the result on the temper of the passengers, averaging only about £100 a journey (exclusive of initial outlay).

SHARK-BITES, PRECAUTIONS AGAINST.—Where bathing is indulged in it is as well to provide juveniles with special water-wear, made of chain-mail, to resist the dental attack of these dangerous monsters. To counteract the access of weight, it is desirable to have the chain-mail fitted with unsinkable aluminium air chambers.

STOVES, PORTABLE.—In this context we may also insist on the necessity of small portable stoves to restore caloric in children who stop in too long when bathing.

Another Impending Apology.
 From a criticism of a musical comedian:

"It is not much good saying he was funny because he could not help being otherwise."
South China Morning Post.

A FATAL FLAW.

I SAT upon her dexter hand
 One day in London's busy whirl
 (A rhyme of lasting value) and
 Thought her a charming girl.
 Not to embark on detailed praise,
 Her voice was low and very sweet;
 I liked her looks, her voice, her ways;
 Her figure, too, was neat.

Her converse gave me evidence
 Of an extremely active mind;
 Here is, I said, a girl of sense;
 This is indeed a find.

I will not say she took to me
 As I to her, lest you should mock;
 But it's the solemn fact that we
 Got on like one o'clock.

The garments that I chanced to wear
 Were new, and fresh as early May;
 I luckily had had my hair
 Cut on the previous day.

Happening gently to enquire,
 She clung, I learned, to rural scenes
 (As I do) and her doting sire
 Was dowered with ample means.

And thus she cast on me a spell
 So rapid and of such a flame
 That I had grown to love her well
 Before the coffee came.

And when the ladies left their male
 Companions to the wonted smoke,
 I did not heed the cheerful tale
 Nor chortled at the joke.

The customary talk of man
 Just then allured me not at all;
 I sat determining a plan
 To ask if I might call;

And let my fancy play about
 In dreams (ah me!) of wedded bliss,
 Which, but for what occurred, no doubt
 I had attained ere this.

But, when I saw her next, a blight
 Fell on me with a sudden chill;
 The maiden stood up to recite:
 And I am single still.

DUM-DUM.

"A great pearl robbery at Narraganset Pier is now exciting American society. The victim of America's ablest detectives is Mrs. Charles Rumsey."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*
 Yet another American police scandal?

THE MISSING CARD.

WHAT I say is this: A man has his own work to do. He slaves at the office all day, earning a living for those dependent on him, and when he comes home he may reasonably expect not to be bothered with domestic business. I am sure you will agree with me. And you would go on to say, would you not, that, anyhow, the insuring of his servants might safely be left to his wife? Of course you would! Thank you very much.

I first spoke to Celia about the insuring of the staff some weeks ago. Our staff consists of Jane Parsons the cook, the first parlourmaid (Jane) and Parsons the upper housemaid. We call them collectively Jane.

"By-the-way," I said to Celia, "I suppose Jane is insured all right?"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I looked at her in surprise. It was just the sort of thing I might have said myself.

"I hope she won't be unkind about it," I went on. "If she objects to paying her share, tell her I am related to a solicitor. If she still objects, er—tell her we'll pay it ourselves."

"I think it will be all right. Fortunately, she has no head for figures."

This was true. Jane is an excellent cook, and well worth the £75 a year or whatever it is we pay her; but arithmetic gives her a headache. When Celia has finished dividing £75 by twelve, Jane is in a state of complete nervous exhaustion, and is only too thankful to take the nine-and-sixpence that Celia hands over to her, without asking any questions. Indeed, anything that the Government wished deducted from Jane's wages we could deduct with a minimum of friction—from income-tax to a dog-licence. A threepenny insurance would be child's play.

Three weeks later I said to Celia—

"Has an inspector been to see Jane's card yet?"

"Jane's card?" she asked blankly.

"The insurance card with the pretty stamps on."

"No . . . No . . . Luckily."

"You mean—"

"I was going to see about it to-morrow," said Celia.

I got up and paced the floor. "Really," I murmured, "really." I tried the various chairs in the room, and finally went and stood with my back to the fire-place. In short, I behaved like a justly incensed master-of-the-house.

"You know what happens," I said,

when I was calm again, "if we neglect this duty which Parliament has laid upon us?"

"No."

"We go to prison. At least, one of us does. I'm not quite sure which."

"I hope it's you," said Celia.

"As a matter of fact I believe it is. However, we shall know when the inspector comes round."

"If it's you," she went on, "I shall send you in a file, with which you can cut through your chains and escape. It will be concealed in a loaf of bread, so that your gaolers shan't suspect."

"Probably I shouldn't suspect either, until I had bitten on it suddenly. Perhaps you'd better not bother. It would be simpler if you got Jane's card to-morrow instead."

"I will. That is to say, I'll tell Jane to get it herself. It's her cinema evening out."

Once a week Jane leaves us and goes to a cinema. Her life is full of variety.

Ten days elapsed, and then one evening I said— At least I didn't. Before I could get it out Celia interrupted:

"No, not yet. You see, there's been a hitch."

I curbed my anger and spoke calmly.

"What sort of a hitch?"

"Well, Jane forgot last Wednesday, and I forgot to remind her this Wednesday. But next Wednesday—"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Well, if you'll tell me what to do I'll do it."

"Well—er—you just—you—I mean—well, they'll tell you at the post-office."

"That's exactly how I keep explaining it to Jane," said Celia.

I looked at her mournfully.

"What shall we do?" I asked. "I feel quite hopeless about it. It seems too late now to do anything with Jane. Let's get a new staff and begin again properly."

"Lose Jane?" cried Celia. "I'd sooner go to prison—I mean I'd sooner you went to prison. Why can't you be a man and do something?"

Celia doesn't seem to realise that I married her with the sole idea of getting free of all this sort of bother. As it is I nearly die once a year in the attempt to fill up my income-tax form. Any traffic in insurance cards would be absolutely fatal.

However, something had to be done. Last week I went into a neighbouring post-office in order to send a telegram. The post-office is an annexe of the grocer's where the sardines come from on Jane's cinema evening. Having sent the telegram, I took a sudden

desperate resolve. I—I myself—would do something.

"I want," I said bravely, "an insurance stamp."

"Sixpenny or sevenpenny?" said the girl, trying to put me off my balance at the very beginning.

"What's the difference?" I asked. "You needn't say a penny, because that is obvious."

However she had no wish to be funny.

"Sevenpenny for men-servants, six-penny for women," she explained.

I wasn't going to give away our domestic arrangements to a stranger.

"Three sixpenny and four sevenpenny," I said casually, flicking the dust off my shoes with a handkerchief. "Tut, tut, I was forgetting Thomas," I added. "Five sevenpenny."

I took the stamps home and showered them on Celia.

"You see," I said, "it's not really difficult."

"Oh, you angel! What do I do with them?"

"Stick them on Jane," I said grandly. "Dot them about the house. Stamp your letters with them—I can always get you plenty more."

"Didn't you get a card, too?"

"N—no. No, I didn't. The fact is, it's your turn now, Celia. You get the card."

"Oh, all right. I—er—suppose you just ask for a—a card?"

"I suppose so. And—er—choose a doctor, and—er—decide on an approved society, and—er—explain why it is you hadn't got a card before, and—er—Well, anyhow, it's your turn now, Celia."

"It's really still Jane's turn," said Celia, "only she's so stupid about it."

But she turned out to be not so stupid as we thought. For yesterday there came a ring at the bell. Feeling instinctively that it was the inspector, Celia and I got behind the sofa . . . and emerged some minutes later to find Jane alone in the room.

"Somebody come to see about an insurance card or something," she said. "I said you were both out, and would he come to-morrow."

Technically I suppose we were both out. That is, we were not receiving.

"Thank you, Jane," I said stiffly. I turned to Celia. "There you are," I said. "To-morrow something must be done."

"I always said I'd do it to-morrow," said Celia.

A. A. M.

"One of the many engagements that are always announced at the close of the season is that of Miss Constance ——"—World.

We wish her better luck this year.

GREAT LITERARY SENSATION.

DICKENS AND MRS. HARRIS.
FIND OF VALUABLE LETTER.
VIEWS OF EXPERTS.

It is Mr. Punch's privilege this week to throw light for the British public upon one of the most interesting secret chapters in the history of our literature.

It will probably come as a surprise, if not a shock, to our readers, howsoever versed they may be in the byways of bookland, to learn that one of the most famous characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* not only had a prototype in real life but in CHARLES DICKENS's youth inspired him with the liveliest feelings.

It is common knowledge that DICKENS was born at Portsmouth. Whether or not the lady whom afterwards he described for mankind as *Mrs. Harris* was born there too, we cannot say, nor indeed has research yet yielded her maiden name; but the irrefragable fact remains that at some time during his adolescence the young genius soon to dazzle the world as "Boz" expressed the warmest admiration for a mysterious lady unnamed, and all the evidence goes to prove that it was she whom later in life he rendered immortal in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. There is no direct evidence, but if ever circumstantial evidence spoke the truth it speaks it here.

The letter which has been placed in our hands is so surrounded with mystery that we can say little that is definite; we are not even at liberty to state from what source it comes. Let it suffice that we are ourselves satisfied with the *bona fides* of the present owners, who are beyond question the descendants of *Mrs. Harris*, although that is no more their name than it was hers. DICKENS, the soul of honour and delicacy, could never have used a real name; nor shall we. At the most we may say that the representatives of the family are now residing in a picturesque Spanish chateau, and that they have placed in our hands this document, hitherto so jealously guarded from the public eye, to do as we like with.

Before coming to the letter itself let us consider for a few moments the character of *Mrs. Harris*. For one thing she is never seen. All that we know of her we know by hearsay. Her friend, *Mrs. Gamp* (one of the leading nurses of her time), testifies to her existence and her good sense and sympathy, otherwise we should know nothing.

It is the same in the letter. Even as a younger woman she still was mysterious. DICKENS seems to have treated her rather as an ideal—shall we say a Grail?—than as an entity of flesh and blood. It was years after this letter



Aunt Jane. "Really, Gladys, the bathing dresses you girls wear are disgraceful. Look at me; do I show my figure?"

that he wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit*, yet he forgot nothing. *Mrs. Harris*, as he then called the object of his early passion, is still vague, impalpable; but through the vivid eyes of her friend, *Mrs. Gamp*, we see her older, wiser.

The letter is dated April 1, 1828. DICKENS, it will be remembered, was born in 1812, and was thus in the neighbourhood of sixteen—a notoriously inflammable age.

We should premise that the italics in it are our own; but were ever phrases more significant read in the light of after events? After perusing the letter the reader will more than ever wonder how it came to be preserved. Though they may not be responsible for this, the heirs of DICKENS are surely its legal owners.

But here is the precious document:—
BELOVED,—If only I knew who you were and what you looked like how much

happier I should be! Yet should I? This is a question which I ponder throughout the watches of the night. To love an unknown is to palpitate in the presence of every woman. I do not even know if you will get this letter, since if I put no address on it how can it ever reach you? And how can I put an address if I do not know one? *I do not even know that you exist at all*, but it relieves my feelings to address you thus. If ever I can make you famous trust me to do so. At present I am all at sea about my future, but should I at any time take, as I sometimes dream of doing, to fiction, you may rely upon being *one of my dearest heroines*.

Fond charmer, farewell.
Your adoring C. D.

Proofs of the above article having been sent to various of those eminent



Actor. "I MUST INSIST ON BEING PAID FOR REHEARSALS."

Manager. "WHAT ON EARTH FOR? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING."

Actor. "BECAUSE LATELY I'VE HAD SO MANY SIX WEEKS' REHEARSALS FOR A TEN DAYS' RUN. BUT I DON'T MIND GIVING THE PERFORMANCES FREE."

men whose opinion on everything is so valuable, we are in the fortunate position of being able to print a selection of their comments.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL writes: "Since the BRONTË bombshell fell and proved once and for all that CHARLOTTE did not invent her Professor, there has been nothing so epoch-making as the discovery of the Dickens-Harris romance. As an old student of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which I first read in a corner of the Manse library at Fecclewonish, near Canterbury, in the green monthly parts in which it was issued, I must confess that the revelation is no surprise to me, for there are words in which DICKENS refers to this romantic lady which either meant something or nothing. But I can understand that to the mass of readers the story will be startling. The thanks of the whole world are due to *Punch* for its enterprise."

Sir CLEMENT SHORTER writes: "Although not interested as a rule in other

students' discoveries, I must admit to feeling a flush of excitement as I perused this absorbing letter. Probably no one in either hemisphere has a finer collection than myself of books relating to the wizard of Gadshill, which occupy exactly eighty-three shelves of the hovel in which I take shelter when the toils of the day are done."

Sir GILBERT PARKER writes: "As one of the most prolific of modern novelists may I say that the story of the young DICKENS's infatuation for this lady is well within the bounds of credibility. Most youths destined one day to enthrall their fellows by the magic of the written word would have to plead guilty to similar periods of enamourment. I recollect—" [Next, please.—Ed.]

Mr. FRANK HARRIS writes: "An absorbing narrative. . . . But she was, strange to say, no relation of mine, nor did I ever interview her."

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., writes:

"A more astounding pageant of heart-

beats never found its way to paper. All our ideas of DICKENS must be revised by the light of this supreme discovery."

Mr. HALL CAINE writes: "Weary as I am from the task of putting forth another earth-shaking romance, I may, I trust, be excused from entering minutely into this matter. It was my privilege to know DICKENS personally, and he always struck me as a man in whose deep recesses in early youth a fierce fire might have glowed, leaving behind it such scars and cicatrices as an unrequited passion is known by masters of the human heart to cause. I say no more, except that an analysis of certain cognate effects of the emotion of love will be found in my new novel, which has just succeeded in getting noiselessly born into a hard world."

"Two boys, Oundle and Tonbridge, tied for the Spencer Cup. In the shoot off the Cup was won by Oundle."—*Eastern Province Herald*.

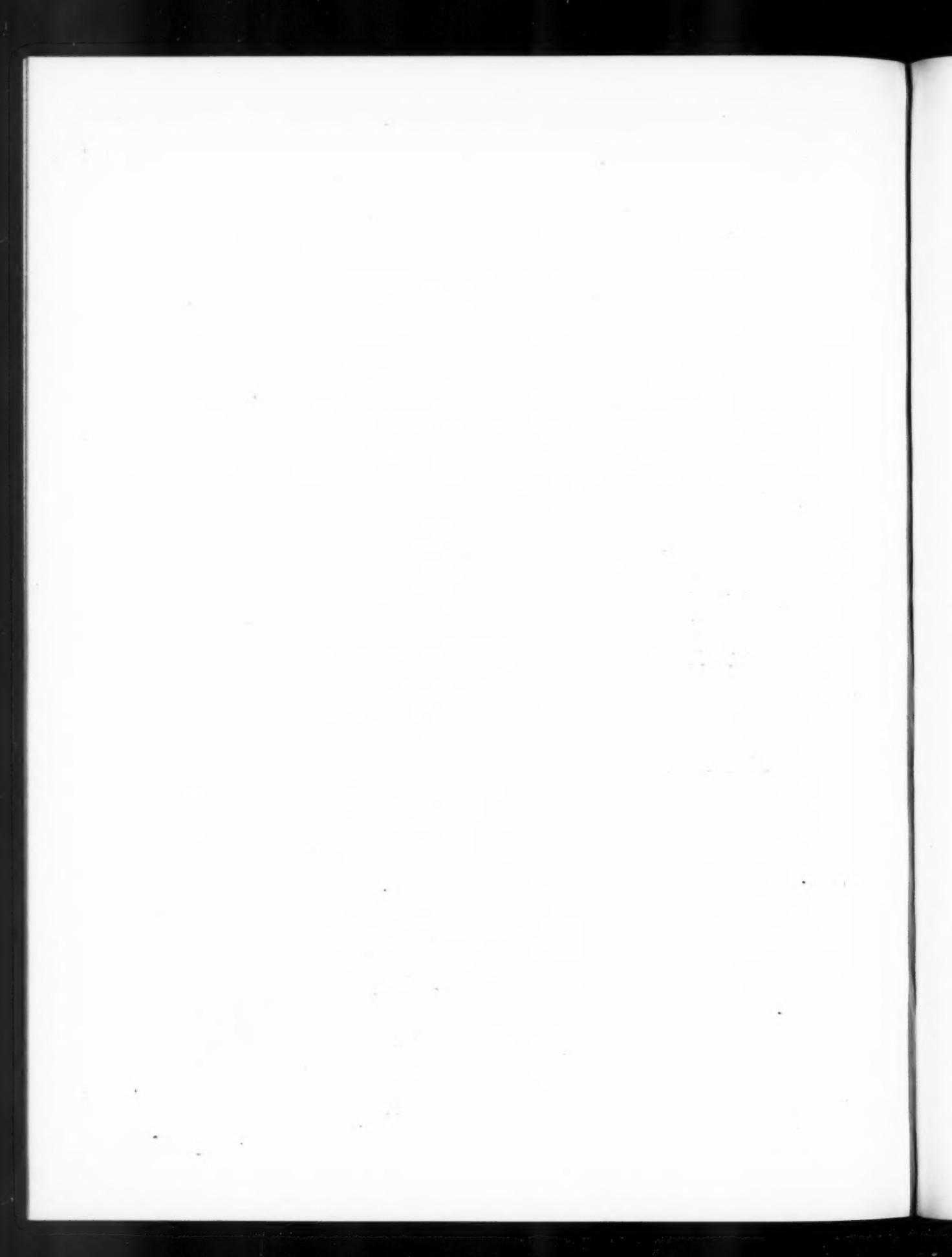
Young Master Giggleswick was unplaced.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—AUGUST 13, 1913.



ÆSCULAPIUS IN LONDON.

MR. MCKENNA (*to Presiding Deity of International Medical Congress*). "YOU LOOK AS IF YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT MICROBES, SIR. COULDN'T YOU FIND ME AN ANTIDOTE TO THIS?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.
—Bank Holiday; shops shut; banks closed; City empty; all the world abroad in search of amusement. GENERAL CARSON finds his in Ulster where he has stirred the population to profounder depths by hinting at issue of warrant for his arrest by "this wretched, rotten, discredited and hireling Government."

"Let them come on," said the Defiant Covenanter. "I know nothing about their intentions. I care less."

Rather spoiled effect of this bold declaration by the aside, "It may be true



"The Defiant Covenanter."

they have issued a warrant. One thing I feel certain of is they will never execute it."

Following general example House of Lords is literally shut up. Peers off to Hampstead or Greenwich bent on making a day of it. Only the Commons, dogged in industry, loyal to call of duty, go on with their work as if Bank Holiday were not.

Cannot say we are inconveniently crowded. Gaps on both sides, including two front benches. When SPEAKER took Chair one quarter of House was, by exception, thronged to fullest capacity. This the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery appropriated at opening of sittings to accommodation of Parliamentary agents in charge of Private Bills. As usual in last fortnight of a session there is accumulation of these measures. Urgent anxiety to get them through before Prorogation.



"Peers off to Hampstead."

Fully a score stand on Order of the Day awaiting permission to advance a stage. In ordinary circumstances this would be agreed to as matter of course. Circumstances to-day not ordinary. TIM HEALY is interested in a Bill promoted by Urban District authority of Kingstown to provide electric lighting for the town. Board of Trade eliminated this provision.

TIM, accustomed to trace untoward circumstances back to Source of All Evil, discovers in this procedure hand of JOHN REDMOND. Why or wherefore no one out of Ireland can say. However it be, suspicion suffices to bring TIM up in arms.

"If they put out our light," he grimly says, "I'll put out everybody else's."

Good as his word. As Clerk at Table read out list of Private Bills with proposal that they should be read a third time, TIM, half rising from his seat and politely removing his hat, murmured, "I object."

That sufficed. The wisdom of Parliament in this respect provides no

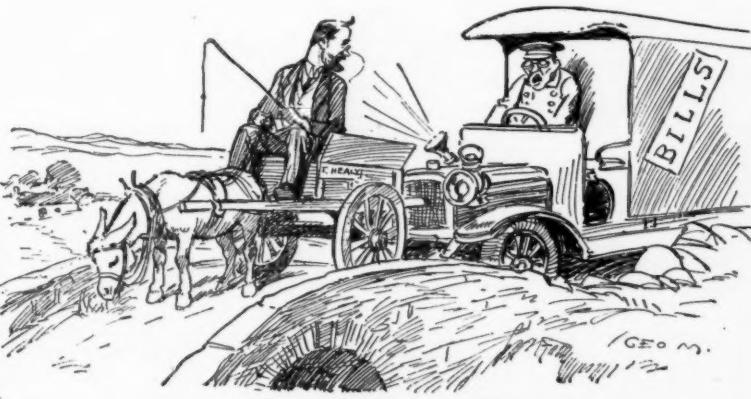
appeal against dictum of a single member, animated by whatsoever personal motive. One by one the Bills were blocked. The end reached, the Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of Gallery, despair written on their brows, dejection enfeebling their footsteps. Spectacle calculated to move the hardest heart.

"Sorry for them," said TIM. "Good chaps, I'm sure, and I don't care tuppence about their Gas and Water Bills. I'm concerned only for Kingstown's little scheme. They'd better call and see JOHN REDMOND and come back to-morrow."

Business done.—Report Stage of Supply closed. Four million sterling voted as rapidly as questions put from the Chair.

Tuesday.—Ever since last Wednesday, when five stout Unionists were discovered in a single bathroom, in preparation for a snap division, what time the Terrace silently filled with figures entering on tiptoe through the passage leading from the Speaker's Courtyard, Ministerial Whips have been in state of feverish perturbation. Ambuscade defeated only by rarest turn of luck. Whisper of the plot reached Whips' Room just before dinner hour. Extraordinary effort succeeded in mustering a majority. As it was it ran down to thirty-three.

Reported that at least one more attempt will be made on this lofty plane of opposition to defeat Government before Prorogation. Accordingly, in these closing days of a session unspeakably wearying, Ministerialists are not only brought down every day in full number; they are throughout the sitting shepherded with assiduity that prevents escape. Bitterness of the cup aggravated by discovery that Opposition Benches remain half-empty. When division bell rings less than a hundred saunter into Opposition Lobby, whilst



TIM HEALY holds up a few Bills.

two hundred and fifty to three hundred weary patriots troop into the other.

This circumstance obviously does not alter the situation. Rather it imposes increase of precaution. A few nights of this kind of thing has inevitable tendency to disarm suspicion and slacken effort. That done, the bath-rooms may again on eve of critical division become inconveniently populated, and the darkened Terrace swarm afresh with ghostlike figures watchful for signal to rush the House.

'Tis a noble game, maintaining loftiest traditions of Mother of Parliaments. One sometimes marvels what that shrewd observer the Man in the Street thinks about it.

"Business done.—The

their brows."

MEMBER FOR SARK gives notice of a Bill to amend The Public Washhouses and Baths Act. Seems hopeless to endeavour at this period of session to attempt fresh legislation. SARK explains that it is a one-clause measure prohibiting overcrowding of bathrooms. Even if it is blocked its introduction will serve good purpose since it will thereupon be printed and circulated, affording opportunity for reflection during the Recess.

TIM HEALY triumphs over Board of Trade in respect of their meddling with the Kingstown private Bill. Friendly understanding arrived at, other private Bills will be allowed to make progress.

Friday.—A few days ago BONNER LAW publicly confessed that House of Commons is rapidly losing its interest. In measure the statement is incontestable. Various explanations might be offered. Most obvious is change of personnel, marked in especial degree on Front Opposition Bench. Have known the place longer even than BONNER LAW. Man and boy have lived in closest intimacy with it for full forty years. Confess to occasional fleeting mood of impatience at recurrent intervals of dulness. But *au fond* House remains what it always has been, a marvellous microcosm of humanity. In common with humanity it suffers from a tendency to descend to pettiness of manner. But it is capable of rising to loftiest heights.

Just heard of little incident that illustrates its multiform character. Hesitate to set it forth in cold print. Seems too intimate to gossip about, yet too charming to hide.

In the ranks of one of the sections of Party which make up conglomerate of the House is a Member who in point of service ranks among the

oldest. The best part of a life now drifting on to limit of three-score-years-and-ten was spent in tumultuous career of War Correspondent. Privation suffered in discharge of duties in field and camp that won for him high place in world of journalism undermined his health, leaving him in condition approaching physical helplessness.

Does not often come down to fill the



"Parliamentary agents slowly filed out of gallery, despair written on

seat reserved for him by easy access from door under Strangers' Gallery. Sometimes talks of retiring from scene familiar for more than thirty years. Colleagues will not hear of such thing. As long as he likes to hold the seat his constituents will return him, and his comrades at Westminster will welcome him. So when his presence is required for critical division his name is found in list of voters.

From moment he appears on the scene till he quits it he is attended with watchful solicitude by the Party Whip. Setting aside other engagements, howsoever important, this busy gentleman guides his faltering footsteps, looks after his evening meal, sits by him as he partakes of it, helpful as a nurse with a little child.

As was said of a gentleman accustomed to dye his hair, the House of Commons is not so black as it is sometimes painted.

Business done.—In Committee on new Marconi Contract.

MEDICAL CONGRESS NOTES.

LONDON is in danger of being overdoctored. You can't be knocked down by the simplest motor-bus without seven or eight of its occupants alighting rapidly to feel you over, set your broken limbs, and take your temperature in seven or eight different languages.

A bright young pharmaceutical chemist, with experience of the prescriptions of our most eminent physicians, has been kept quite busy by the principal hotels in deciphering the signatures of certain of their medical guests written in the registers, and has made a small fortune out of the fees he has received.

Opinions differ about the value of the Medical Congress. The proprietor of one of our well-known remedies for every disease under the sun declares emphatically that it is a great waste of time and money, being entirely unnecessary.

The other day a remarkable incident occurred in the Tube. A mother and her child were there; also a benign-looking gentleman with a Burmese cast of countenance. The child, a sickly-looking boy of some seven summers, being no lover of Eastern peoples and ignorant of Western manners, slowly but surely put out his tongue at the foreign gentleman. The wanderer from Burma gazed long and

intently at the tongue, then pursed his lips and shook his head gravely. Uttering a few polite words in Burmese he leaned forward and grasped the wrist of the child, whose howl of terror intimated to his mother that something was taking place. Before the train drew up at the next station, the mother informed the Burmese gentleman that he was a foreign kidnapper, that it was no use to raise his hat, that if she had had her umbrella with her she would have known what to do with it, that in future he should hit one of his own size, that it was disgraceful, and that she was getting out to inform the station-master. But for her haste her child might have had administered to him some potent Burmese pill that would have sufficed to save her any further medical expense on her offspring's behalf.

TO A REASONABLE BEING.

LADY, I do not even know your name,
Yet is my heart bereft of its repose,
Since in the lift to-day your hat-brim
came

In sudden contact with the poet's
nose.

'Twas not your face's beauty wove the
spell;

I did not see it, and you best can tell
If after all that was not just as well.

'Twas not your taste in dress. The hat-
brim hid

Even your summer costume from my
view.

It was not anything you said or did.
Lady, the sole sufficing charm of you
Was that your hat-pins, merciful and
wise,

Were fashioned to so sensible a size
I brushed you close and still retained
my eyes.



Mrs. Smith (to Smith who, starting for his annual "rest cure," is making a frantic rush for the train). "JOHN! ARE YOU SURE YOU LOCKED UP THE HOUSE?"

TWO FATHERS TO TWO DAUGHTERS.

[A member of the London Education Committee suggested at a recent meeting that the *Essays of Elia* was hardly the kind of book to be put in the hands of young women students.]

I.

"WHAT, reading? An improving book, I trust? Come, let your father look.

LAMB? And who's LAMB, my dear Maria?

What are the *Essays of Elia*?

I open straight away on 'd—n.' For shame! Away with Mr. LAMB!

'Chimney-sweeps,' 'Beggars,' 'Actors,' 'Whist'!

A scandal to the Library list!

What? He's a classic? More's the pity!

I shall complain to the Committee."

(He does.)

II.

"I send you, *mia cara figlia*, The volume of the gentle *Elia*.

Also a cutting, which at least May lend a relish to the feast.

For Mr. Podsnap is not dead: His brains alone are lapt in lead.

He lives, he lives, though sorely spent;
We shrug our shoulders, and lament

The tyranny not overpast
Of Philistine and agelast.

Well, well! While Mr. P. must cease,
And fade like old *John Naps* of Greece,
Still *Elia's* wit and *Elia's* way
Shall strike a bliss upon the day
For girls to whom the postman brings
These dear 'unlicked, incondite things.'

THE MONEY COLUMN

(As it appears to one who knows nothing about it).

FEATURELESS MARKETS.

1,000, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

The commencement of a new account combined with the imminence of the settlement gave the stock markets generally a somewhat unsettled appearance. To these were added some apprehension over the reported outbreak of peace in the Balkans.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Consols showed an irregular tendency, finally ending the turn lower. Other gilt-edged securities moved in sympathy, much of the gilt having been by this time discounted. Home Rails, despite the expanding

influence of the recent hot weather, remained without decided movement; the chief feature being Underground Issues, which were inclined to rise. Bulgarian Four-and-a-Half were unchanged: home-brewed ditto however being lowered freely all round. In the American Market, Trunks were largely enquired for, especially by Customs officials. Yarns were, if possible, higher. Cements remained firm. Marconis were not mentioned.

The action of the Bank in restricting facilities for withdrawal was adversely commented upon, especially by a gentleman who was asked to accompany a cashier to the police station in consequence. Several important calls were paid, mostly between 3 and 5. The Egyptian Exchange fell off, but was happily undamaged. Throughout the day the Rubber market presented a welcome exception to the general uncertainty of tone, the leaders shedding their customary quarter with absolute regularity. The material remains raw; company balance-sheets being however, in many cases, distinctly the opposite.

After the House was closed, there was a universal set-back by the caretakers; but the street market was animated, bananas and collar-studs being in brisk demand.

**PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF
A FLY.**

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

I.

BACK in Town again, and, by Jove, it's good to be there! Feeling somewhat run down, I decided, the other day, to try the effect of a whiff of country air. So I flew to Waterloo, entered an empty first-class carriage—I did not feel well enough for company—settled myself comfortably in a corner of the well-padded seat, and got out at the first wayside station that took my fancy. But Town for me; Country's a rotten hole. Nothing there but a lot of stupid scenery and doltish animals. Too many birds, too, making darts at you. What their grievance against us is I don't know. It was different with a silly sow who snapped at me one day. There is a saying, "If pigs could fly . . ." The clumsy brutes can't, of course, while we flies can pig—see us in a confectioner's shop—and that's what makes them jealous.

Taking it all in all, Country is an unexciting, sleepy place, and I have no use for it. So, feeling better, except for a slight sore throat, I boarded a train again this morning, and here I am back again in dear old London. I always travel by rail in spite of its being a somewhat old-fashioned method of locomotion—but I am a beggar for comfort. A fly friend of mine went to Brighton, the other day, free of expense, sitting on a motor-car. But he had to hang on like grim death all the time; the thing went at such a pace that he was more than once nearly blown off. His poor eyes became so inflamed that he was a sight for days afterwards, and he caught the cold of his life.

I am staying at Lord Belchester's mansion in Piccadilly. That is one advantage that we flies enjoy. All the best houses are open to us, and we can leave when we get bored. I fancy I shall stay here some time, for it is a well-appointed house with a capital larder, and the position is convenient, being near to both St. James's and Hyde Parks, which are so handy when one wants a breather.

After a feed in the larder and a rest on the drawing-room sofa, where I sprawled at full length for over an hour, I felt fit for anything. So I sought out the house-dog, dear old Rover. I found him trying to get to sleep in the library. I did the most hazardous things. I tickled his nozzle, and once I sailed right through his open mouth, he snapping his jaws just after I was the other side of him. Once or twice the dear old fellow tried strategy. He would pretend suddenly to have fallen

into a sound sleep, hoping to catch me that way, but naturally I saw the one eye open. Finally I settled on the lower part of one of the window panes. He rushed at it, attempted to crush me with his great fat paw, of course missed me, but broke the window, cut his paw, and no doubt later on got a sound thrashing from his master.

After that I went and plagued a beast of a yellow cat named Tabby Ochre, who lay in front of the kitchen fire. This was perhaps more enjoyable than dog-baiting, for with a cat there is always an element of danger, and that makes it real sport. However, in spite of the snakiness and celerity of her movements, Tabby Ochre never got me, and I left her in a deuce of a temper, saying to myself, "Heaven save the mouse who comes her way within the next two hours."

I think that my country trip must have done me more good than I imagined, I feel so well and fit and frolicsome to-day.

I decided I would now go back and chaff poor old Rover. So to the library, where, however, I found much bigger game. Asleep in a chair, with a book in his lap—he is a well-known book-lover—was my lord himself. He had the most lovely bald head I have ever hit upon. It is perfectly smooth and shiny. It is astonishing how bald heads vary. It is the exception to find one without a blemish. Some of them are most miserable objects, absolutely lacking in polish and with unexpected hillocks springing up here and there. Lord Belchester has the perfect cranium one might expect from a man of his wealth and position. I had Winter Sports on it—some of the finest skating and tobogganing that have ever come my way. My word, but my lord did get angry! And what amused me was that he was not a bit more clever at it than old Rover. Every now and then he gave himself a violent slap on the head with his hand, hoping I would go putt under it, but, of course, I always saw the hand coming, and he must have got a sad head-ache. And he threw his valuable book at me, missing me but ruining the book. Finally he rang the bell for his chief flunkey.

"Yes, m'lord?" asked that gloomy functionary. "Glanders, kill that fly," said his lordship. "Very well, m'lord," said Glanders. That made me feel quite important. I was flattered that this gorgeous and dignified personage should be told off to have a game with me, and I gave Glanders a great time. He fell over a chair, broke two valuable Chiny vases, and finally when, out of sheer devilry, I settled for a second on the bald head

again, he lost his, and brought a hand down on my lord's pate with such force that the pompous ass was dismissed on the spot. Then, as the game was beginning to pall on me, I flew out of the window, through the hole Rover had made, roaring with laughter, into the sunshine.

In the open, as I flew along, I meditated on men and their ways. How impotent they are! Size is by no means everything. Why, these stupid giants cannot even walk on the ceiling or crawl up a wall. The snug self-satisfaction of men amuses me whenever I think of it. I really believe they consider themselves our superiors.

While I was pondering these things I suddenly heard a voice behind me cry, "Why, it's Leslie! How are you, dear? I haven't seen you for ages." I turned round and saw Editha, an old flame of mine, of whom I had tired long ago. I looked at her and wondered how I could ever have been in love with her. She had fine eyes, it is true, but bandy legs, and altogether she looked a dowd; one of her wings was actually in holes. "Do go away, please," I said, "I don't want to be interrupted. I am thinking." With a sigh she dropped behind. Lord, how she has lost her looks! And to think that she was once known as "The Merry Widow"! Poor thing! What is there about me, I wonder, that makes me so confoundedly attractive to the other sex? I suppose they like me because I am such a dare-devil. Still, it has its advantages. It enables me to pick and choose, and, if it were not that these lines may fall into the hands of the young, I could tell a tale or two of amours low and high.

(To be continued.)

AT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

(Meeting after Correspondence.)

"He comes; a wild, ecstatic thrill
Consumes my heart, and sudden fire
Burns in a cheek unravished still—
Can this be William Jones, Esquire?"

"So she is there, and I must take
Her hand in mine and say the word.
But must I? There is some mistake.
Can this be Arabella Bird?"

O married life of mutual doubt!

O secret shame! Forbear to laugh,
Since each had sinned in sending out
Another person's photograph.

"This ceremony concluded, tea was taken
in the shady Fellows' garden."

Daily Telegraph.

In our pupillary state we always had
our suspicions of these Fellows.



HOLIDAY PUTTS.

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO THOSE WHO FIND THEMSELVES "OFF" THIS BRANCH OF THE GAME.

THE LAKE.

"Oh," said Francesca, "that hurt."

"I am sorry," I said, "I had to slap your face. There was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

"But you needn't have slapped so hard."

"Yes," I said, "I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

"But why," she said, "are you stopping again? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself together. The children are far ahead out of sight."

"Let them," I said, "remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

"Get up," she said, "and let us press on."

"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."

"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.

"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."

"Drag," she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England."

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by now. If only I had been a man—"

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

"At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my body here when you come back."

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and—"

It really was the lake this time.

THE SCHOOL FOR SUCKLINGS.

[We learn from *The Daily Express* that an American professor has been denouncing "baby-talk." "Every bit of the foolish jargon taught to babies nowadays will have to be unlearned some day," he said in a recent lecture. "The average father and mother, instead of preparing their child for school, instead of establishing a foundation for education and knowledge, do the very opposite."]

THERE'S a pucker in Frederick's forehead,

There's an ominous look in his eye,

And I fancy he's forming a horrid

And hasty decision to cry;

And it's oh for the syrup that's soothing

To smother the imminent row—

For the prattle so potent in smoothing

The creases that wrinkle his brow!

But the power that rules over the cradle

Has started a novel crusade:

Henceforth, 'tis determined, a spade 'll

Be plainly described as a spade;

And baby, who 'll shortly be burning

To win academical bays,

Shall skip the ordeal of unlearning

The lore of his nursery days.

No longer shall "diddums" and "poppet"

Our Freddie to peacefulness woo;

That language is dead—we're to drop it;

We've uttered our ultimate "goo";

Though our temper he sorely should try by

A fixed disposition to weep,

He 'll never be told to "go bye-bye,"

But simply requested to sleep.

In place of those fatuous fables

We lately prescribed for his pain

We 'll recite him the multiple tables,

Or a list of the rivers of Spain;

He shall taste in his cot of the pleasures

He's destined at school to enjoy—

The tale of the weights and the measures,

Including the travail of Troy.

When he's cross, we shall bid him remember

The year CŒUR-DE-LION was crowned,

And how many days hath September,

And how many pence make a pound.

Endowed with these generous riches,

He 'll grow a remarkable lad—

Unless, ere he's put into breeches,

His brain-drill has driven him mad.

"An official circular from the Governor-General's office states that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will prolong their stay in England until October 7, in order that they may attend the wedding of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife, which has been fixed for October 15.—Reuter."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

It will be a shock to them to find that they have missed it after all.



Self-satisfied Shot. "NOT A BAD ONE THAT, SANDY, EH?"

Sandy (gathering another winged bird). "MAN, YE'D BE A GRAAND SHOT FOR ANE O' THESE RETRIEVER TRIALS. THEY'RE TERRIBLE FOND O' WOUNDED BUR-R-DS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Pot of Basil which Mr. BERNARD CAPES has produced with the assistance of Messrs. CONSTABLE is the sort of plant which should thrive on idle summer beaches. Perhaps you will be pleasantly intrigued (as I was) to meet on an early page and anything more than a hundred and fifty years ago a brave equipage lumbering up the high road containing a handsome gentleman in uncustomary suit of solemn but costly black. Very well then. This is an Archduke *incognito*. And lo! at a turn of the pass appears a vision of delight, apparently just a casual fair maiden of the place in difficulties about a water-lily, but really the destined princess, ISABELLA, granddaughter of LOUIS XV. of France and daughter of PHILIP, Duke of PARMA. And of course the Archduke must needs send a deputy to do his wooing, one *Tiretta*, an honourable soldier-courtier with a very pretty light tenor voice and a troubadour's gift of improvisation, a sort of cross between *Charles Wogan* and *Paolo*. Follows the inevitable tragic consequence, aided by wretched mischances and very thorough and rather incredible and insufficiently motived villainy on the one part and an ingenuous lack of suspicion on the other. Mr. CAPES is an uncustomed weaver of romances. Perhaps custom has staled his form a little. I doubt if he would once have thought that anyone even in the seventeen-sixties would say, "Hark to that chink, Gaspare! A double silver ducat to line your old breeches withal!" And I am inclined to wish that he had not chosen a pot of basil in which to boil up the

unhappy authentic ingredients of his romance, for the basil need have had nothing to do with the case and seemed forced rather than pleasantly fanciful. But Mr. CAPES is nothing if not allusive and one understands his temptation.

The Scarlet Pimpernel, you may be glad to hear, is at it again. He was, I fancy, too profitable a servitor of the Baroness ORCZY to be allowed to remain permanently in retirement, however well-earned. His reappearance should be for everyone's benefit, especially since it shews him engaged upon such an excellent adventure as that set out in *Eldorado* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). This time his objective is the rescue of the Dauphin. "Could I, or anyone else, doubt for a moment that sooner or later your romantic hero would turn his attention to the most pathetic sight in the whole of Europe—the child-martyr in the Temple prison?" asks one of the characters in an early chapter. Of course not; no more could the *Pimpernel's* enormous public. So it is well that their confidence has been rewarded. No one at this time of day will be astonished to learn that the mission is a triumphant success, and the little prince safely smuggled over the frontier; for your *Pimpernel* is not the man to be checked by so trifling an obstacle as historical accuracy. The future course of events with the child is not indicated. What is of far more importance is that the tale shows Sir James Blakeney at his delightful best—witty, debonair, and so resourceful that even when things look darkest the reader can rest upon the comfortable assurance that all will come right in the end. There were moments when, but for this conviction, my own optimism would have been

sorely tried. Still I ought to have guessed that the bandaged ruffian was really Mr. FRED TERRY—I mean the *Pimpernel*—in disguise, because this sort of thing has happened before. That I didn't is my tribute to a breathless, improbable and most entertaining story.

There was once, you may remember, a gentleman named STERNE who wrote a book called *A Sentimental Journey*. Since then there have been others of like mind, such (for example) as STEVENSON, BELLOC, and plenty more whom I could mention, but have forgot. The point about these persons is that they all wrote books of easy-going travel, and (which is the strange thing) wrote them in very much the same style. There appears indeed to be a Common Form in these matters. The latest exponent of it is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, whose book *The New Foresters* (NISBET) is not only an interesting study for the stylist, but incidentally as entertaining a record as you could desire to read. Mr. CAINE, being, as is clearly apparent, of the stuff of which adventurers are made, has hit upon a bright idea. Perceiving that motors and their attendant dust have rendered high-road caravanning a humiliation and torture not willingly to be endured, he determined with his wife to explore only such side tracks as were impossible to the Destroyers. To this end, having secured a small cart and a moderately reasonable ass, he started upon a leisurely tour of the New Forest, with such results as are here set down. It is a book that any fool can enjoy and chuckle over; but to the choice company who love the Forest and its enchanting villages as a man may love good ale, or a mistress, or the apples that grow in a certain orchard near Minstead (I had to put that in), it will be a pure delight. I should like to quote from almost every chapter. What more could one say? Buy it at once.

"RICHARD DEHAN's" method hardly lends itself to short story writing. It needs the elbow-room which it (and I) emphatically enjoyed in *Between Two Thieves*. *The Head-quarter Recruit* (HEINEMANN) is, I am afraid, a sheaf of not very notably inspired or diverting pot-boilers, and their author is less concerned with probabilities of situation and character than any I have the honour to be acquainted with. The stories set out, for the most part, on a gay Kiplingesque note of genial allusiveness, but the plausibility of that adroit model is not at command. Besides, "his horses, his dogs, his guns, his hunters were discussed and rediscussed by men at clubs, in Fleet ward-rooms and garrison mess-rooms;" "the adjutant said in a tone that rang like bell-metal;" "the pale translucent hazel eyes of the young lady flashed violet;" and these things, I imagine, are no longer done, though they are well-known and convenient ingredients for the wholesale manufacture of fiction. But "The Fourth Volume," the story of the wife who married on his death-bed the hussar who had broken his back a-hunting is, strangely enough, as short and as ingenious in construction as one could desire; quite a satisfactory

example of the compressed and unexpected. There is a certain movement and fantastic vitality about this writer's work even when, as in several of the examples collected in this volume, it is brimful of defects of matter and faults of style. And vitality is, after all, a better thing than flawlessness.

"Hundreds of men," says Mr. S. E. WHITE, in *The Land of Footprints* (NELSON), "are better qualified than myself to write just this book." I commend his modesty, and only wish that he had carried it a little further and refrained from disparaging hunter-authors in general, an invidious task to which he devotes the first chapter of his book. But apart from this error of judgment I have only one fault to find with him, and it is that he refers to his comrades as B., C. and F. This reticence may have been obligatory, but all the same I can never pretend to a very human interest in a man who is cut down to a mere initial; and when I was told that "B. had not yet killed his lion, so the shot was his," I confess that my concern about the issue was largely academic. On the other hand I found unqualified virtue elsewhere in Mr. WHITE's reticence. He has not revelled in details of indiscriminate slaughter. If I happened to be a Grant's gazelle, a Newman's hartebeeste, or a lesser kudu and had to be hunted, I should esteem it a privilege to be pursued by such an unbloodthirsty sportsman as the author of *The Land of Footprints*. It is more than a thrilling story of adventure, for Mr. WHITE shows that he is a man of broad sympathies and understanding, who not only can deal successfully with primitive tribes like the Kikuyus, Monumwezis and Wakam-bas, but really knows them. If *Memba Sasa* and *Fundi* ever happen to come my way I shall feel that on their side the ceremony of introduction has already been most pleasantly performed.

In my experience there are two kinds of satisfaction to be derived from a good detective story. One is a sense of triumph when you have spotted the winning clue and find that you are right; the other a sense of relief following the solution of a mystery that has left you baffled till the last page. In *The Widow's Necklace* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. ERNEST DAVIES gives a taste of both kinds. Without claiming any very deep skill in detection I was able to guess pretty early in the story how the theft was accomplished, and I felt continually desirous of kicking the slow official sleuth because he didn't guess, too. I also had a correct suspicion, not, I confess, unclouded by one or two incorrect ones, as to the identity of the thief. But the finish was a complete surprise to me, and I flatter myself that most of Mr. DAVIES's readers—and he deserves a good many—will find themselves in the same position.

"At the 17th the captain won by laying his iron shot about 140 yards on the green at the 18th hole dead."—*Croydon Advertiser*. We have often laid our drive dead on the wrong green.



"CAN MY 'EBBERT BATHIE 'ERE, MUM? 'E AIN'T GOT NO UNIVERSITY COSTUME, BUT 'E'S GOT 'IS ETON COLLAR AND 'IS COLLIDGE CAP ON."